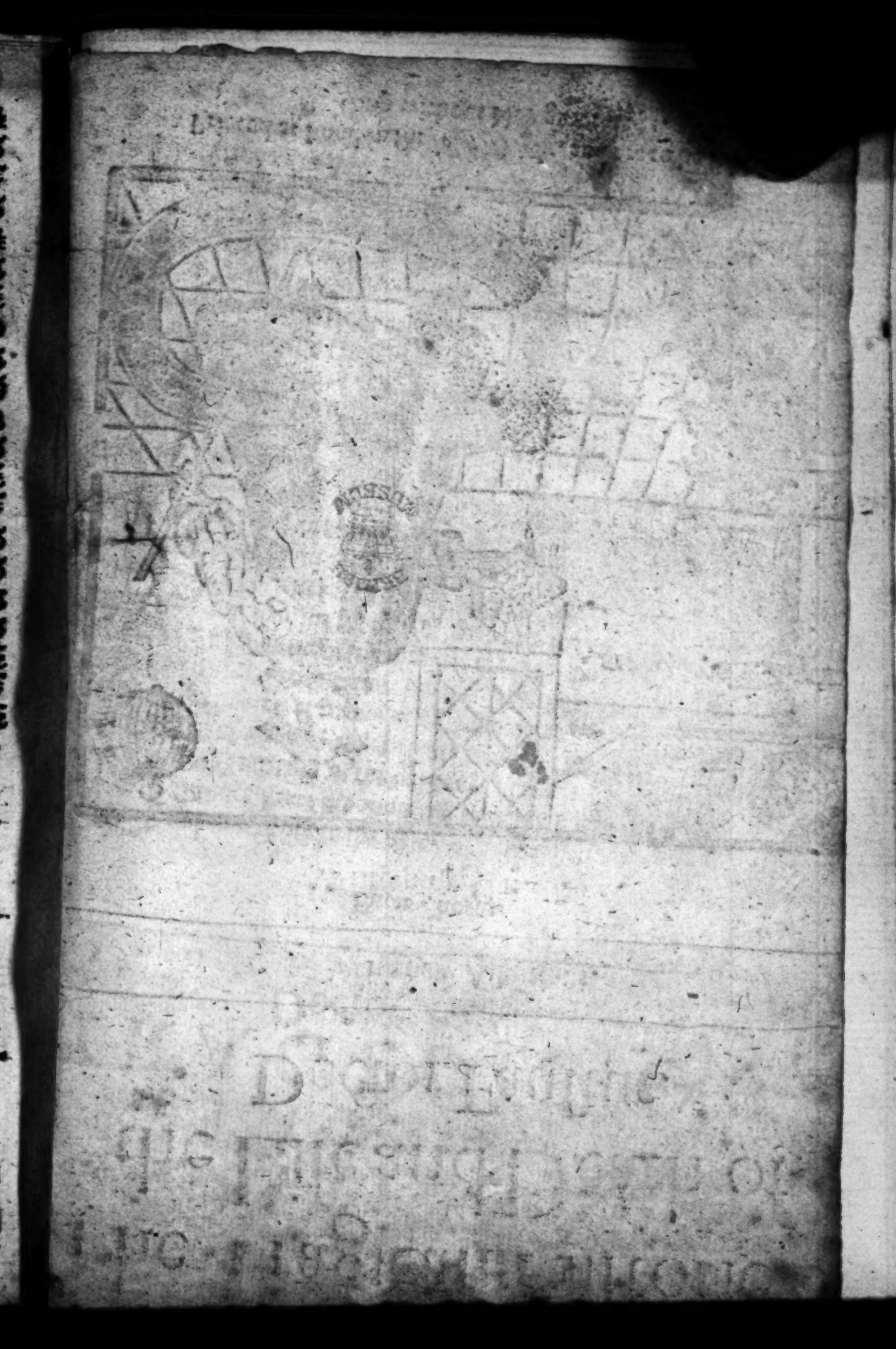
The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

With new Additions.

Written by Cr. Marl.



THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor *Faustus.*

Enter Chorus.

NOt marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In Courts of Kings, where state is ouer-turn'd;
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heauenly verse:
Onely this (Gentles) we must now performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
And speake for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he borne of parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne cal'd Rhodes.
At riper yeares to Wittenberge he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp.
So much he profits in Diuinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th'heauenly matters of Theologie:
Till swolne with cunning, and a selfe conceit,
His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his ouerthrow:
For falling to a Deuilish exercise,
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,
He surfets on the curst Necromancy.

Nothing ſo ſweet, as Magicke is to him,
Which he preferres before his chiefeſt bliſſe,
And this the man that in his ſtudy ſits:

Fauſtus in his ſtudy.

Fauſt. Settle thy ſtudies Fauſtus, and begin
To ſound the depth of that thou wilt profeſſe.
Having commenc'd be a diuine in ſhew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and dye in Ariſtotles workes.
Sweet Analitickes, 'tis thou haſt rauiſht me,
Bene diſſerere eſt finis Logices.
Is to diſpute well Logikes chiefeſt end?
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou haſt attain'd that end
A greater ſubiect fitteth Fauſtus wit:
Bid Oeconomy farewell, and Galen come,
Be a Phyſitian Fauſtus, heape vp gold,
And be eterniz'd for ſome wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ ſanitas,
The end of Phyſicke is our bodies health:
Why Fauſtus haſt thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy Bills hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Cities haue eſcapt the plague,
And diuers deſperate maladies haue cur'd?
Yet art thou ſtill but Fauſtus, and a man.
Couldſt thou make men to liue eternally,
Or being dead raiſe men to life againe,
Then this profeſſion were to be eſteem'd:
Phyſicke farewell: where is Iuſtinian?
Si una eadem quę res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty caſe of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non poteſt Pater, niſi &c.
Such is the ſubiect of the Inſtitute,
And vniuerſall body of the Lawe.
This ſtudy fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aymes at nothing but externall trash,
Too ſeruile and illiberall for me.

When

When all is done Diuinity is best:
Ieromes Bible Faustus, view it well:
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha? Stipendium, &c.
The reward of sinne is death: thats hard:
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas:
If we say that we haue no sinne
We deceiue our selues, and there is no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently die.
I, we must die an euerlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:
What will be, shall be: Diuinity adew.
These Metaphysicks of Magicians,
And negromantick bookes are heauenly,
Lines, circles, Letters, Characters:
I, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence
Is promis'd to the studious Artizan!
All things that moue betweene the quiet Poles,
Shall bee at my command: Emperors and Kings
Are but obey'd in their seuerall Prouinces:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magician is a Demi-god,
Heere tire my braines to gaine a Deity. Enter Wag.
Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,
The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will sir. Exit.
Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,
Than all my labours, plod I neere so fast.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good Ang. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it, least it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head.

Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.
Bad An. Goe forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and commander of these Elements. Exit Ang.
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this:
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please:
Resolue me of all ambiguities:
Perform what desperate enterprises I will:
Ile haue them flye to India for gold,
Ransacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,
And search all corners of the new found World
For pleasant fruits, and Princely delicates.
Ile haue them read me strange Philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all forraine Kings:
Ile haue them wall all Germany with brasse,
And with swift Rhine circle all Wittenberge:
Ile haue them all the publike Schooles with skill,
Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad.
Ile leauy Souldiers with the coyne they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land,
And reigne sole King of all the Prouinces:
Yea stranger Engines for the brunt of War,
Than was the fiery keele at Antwerpe Bridge,
Ile make my seruile spirits to invent.
Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius, Enter Valdes
And make me wise with your sage conference. and Cornel.
Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,
Know that your words haue won me at the last,
To practise Magicke and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both law and Physicke are for petty wits,
Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath ravisht me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I that haue with subtile Syllogismes
Gravel'd the Pastors of the Germane Church,
And made the flowring pride of Wittenberge
Swarme to my Problemes, as th'infernall spirits

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.
Val. Faustus, these bookes, thy wit, and our experience.
Shall make all nations canonize vs.
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the Spirits of every Element,
Be always serviceable to vs three:
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please.
Like Almaine Rutters with their horsemens staues,
Or Lapland Gyants trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women or vnwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airie browes
Than haue the white breasts of the Queene of Loue.
From Venice they shall drag-whole Argosies,
And from America the golden Fleece,
That yearly stuffes old Philips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute,
Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou to liue: therefore obiect it not.
Corn. The miracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrologie,
Inricht with tongues, well seene in Minerals,
Hath all the Principles Magicke doth require:
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than hetetofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the Sea,
And fetch the treasure of all forraine wrecks:
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid.
Within the massie intrailes of the earth:
Then tell me Faustus, what shall we three want?
Faust. Nothing Cornelius, O this cheeres my soule.
Come, shew me some demonstrations Magicall,
That I may conjure in some bushie grone,
And haue these ioyes in full possession.
Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grone,

And

And beare wiſe Bacons and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Pſalter, and new Teſtament,
And whatſoeuer elſe is requiſite,
We will informe thée ere our conference ceaſe,
Cor. Valdes, Firſt let him know the words of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Fauſtus may trie his cunning by himſelfe.
Val. Firſt Ile inſtruct thée in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Fauſt. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'le canuaſe euery quiddities thereof:
For ere I ſléepe Ile trie what I can doe,
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore. Exeunt omn.

Enter two Schollers.

1 Scho. I wonder whats become of Fauſtus that was wont to make our Schooles ring with ſic probo. Enter Wag.
2 Sch. That ſhall we preſently know, here comes his boy.
1 Sch. How now ſirra, where's thy Maſter?
Wag. God in heauen knowes.
2 Sch Why, doſt not thou know then?
Wag. Yes I know but that followes not.
1 Sch. Go to ſirra, leaue your baſting, & tell vs where he is.
Wag. That followes not by force of argument, which you being Licentiats ſhould ſtand vpon, therefore acknowledge your errour, and be attentiue.
2 Sch. Then you will not tell vs?
Wag. You are deceiued, for I will tell you: yet if you were not dunces, you would neuer aſke me ſuch a queſtion. For is he not Corpus naturale, and is not that mobile? Then whereforе ſhould you aſke me ſuch a queſtion? but that I am by nature flegmaticke, ſlow to wrath, and prone to letchery (to leaue I would ſay) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I doe not doubt but to ſée you both hanged the next Seſſions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will ſet my countenance like a Preciſian, and begin to ſpeake thus: Truly my deare Brethren, my Maſter

is

is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this Wine if it could speake would informe your worships: and so the Lord blesse you, preserue you, and kéepe you my deare brethren. Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I feare ỹ which I haue long suspected,
That thou art fallen into the damned Art,
For which they two are infamous thorow the world.
2 Sch. Were he a stranger not allied to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come let vs goe, and informe the Rector.
It may be his graue counsell may reclaime.
1 Sch. I feare me nothing will reclaime him now.
2 Sch. Yet let vs sée what wée can doe. Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and foure Deuils, Faustus to them with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the Night,
Longing to view Orions drilling looke,
Leapes from the Antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with his pitchy breath,
Faustus begin thine Incantations,
And try if Deuils will obey thy hest,
Séeing thou hast prai'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this Circle is Iehoua's name,
Forward and backward Anagrammatiz'd:
Th'abreuiated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And Characters of Signes and erring Starres,
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute,
And try the vttmost Magicke can performe:

Thunder. Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Valeat numen triplex Iehouæ, ignei, Aerii, Aquitani spiritus saluete: Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha & Demigorgon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Iehouam, gehennam &

conſecratam aquam, quam nunc ſpargo; ſignumque crucis quod nunc facio; & per vota noſtra ipſe nunc ſurgat nobis dicatus Mephoſtophilis.

Enter Deuill.

I charge thée to returne and change thy ſhape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me:
Goe and returne an old Franciſcan Frier,
That holy ſhape becomes a Deuill beſt. Exit Deuill.
I ſée there's vertue in my heauenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this Art?
How playnt is this Mephoſtophilis?
Full of obedience and humility.
Such is the force of Magicke and my ſpels.

Enter Mephoſtophilis.

Meph. Now Fauſtus what wouldſt thou haue me doe?
Fauſt. I charge thée wait vpon me whilſt I liue,
To doe what euer Fauſtus ſhall command:
Be it to make the moone drop from her Sphеare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.
Meph. I am a ſeruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thée without his leaue:
No more than he commands muſt we performe.
Fauſt. Did not he charge thée to appeare to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine owne accord.
Fauſt. Did not my conjuring raiſe thée? ſpeake.
Meph. That was the cauſe, but yet per accidens:
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Sauiour Chriſt;
We flye, in hope to get his glorious ſoule:
Nor will we come vnleſſe he vſe ſuch meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the ſhortеſt cut for conjuring
Is ſtoutly to abiure all godlineſſe,
And pray deuoutly to the Prince of Hell.
Fau. So Fauſtus hath already done, and holds this principle,
There is no chiefe but only Belzebub:

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.

This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elizium:
My Ghost be with the old Philosophers.
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord:

Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of Spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Meph. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lou'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Deuils?

Meph. O: by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Faust. And what are you that liue with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappie spirits that liue with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd? Meph In Hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it.
Thinkst thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternall ioyes of heauen.
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hels,
In being depriu'd of euerlasting blisse?
O Faustus, leaue these friuolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soule.

Faust. What is great Mephostophilis so passionate,
For being depriued of the ioyes of heauen?
Learne thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.
Goe beare these tidings to great Lucifer;
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternall death,
By desperate thoughts against Ioues Deitie,
Say he surrenders vp to him his soule,
So he will spare him foure and twentie yeares,
Letting him liue in all voluptuousnesse,
Vowing thee euer to attend on me,
To giue me whatsoeuer I shall aske,
To tell me whatsoeuer I demand:

To ſlay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And alwaies be obedient to my will.
Go and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meet mee in my ſtudie at midnight,
And then reſolue mee of thy maſters minde.

Meph. I will Fauſtus. Exit.

Fauſt. Had I as many ſoules as there be ſtarres,
I'de giue them all for Mephoſtophilis.
By him Ile be great Emperor of the World,
And make a bridge thorow the moving Ayre,
To paſſe the Ocean with a band of men.
Ile ioyne the hils that binde the Affricke ſhore,
And make that countrie continent to Spaine,
And both contributary to my Crowne.
The Emperor ſhall not liue but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germanie.
Now that I haue obtaind what I deſir'd,
Ile liue in ſpeculation of this Art,
Till Mephoſtophilis returne againe. Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither ſirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O diſgrace to my perſon: zounds boy in your face, you haue ſeene many boyes with beards I am ſure.

Wag. Haſt thou no commings in?

Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may ſee ſir.

Wag. Alas poore ſlaue, ſee how pouertie ieſts in his nakednesſe: I know the villaine's out of ſeruice, and ſo hungrie, that I know he would giue his ſoule to the Deuill for a ſhoulder of Mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clo. Not ſo neither, I had need to haue it well roſted, and good ſauce to it, if I pay ſo deare, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on mee? and I will make thee goe, like Qui mihi diſcipulus.

Clo. What in verſe?

Wag. No ſlaue in beaten ſilke, and ſtaues-aker.

Clo. Staues-aker? that's good to kill Vermine: then belike

like if I serue you I shall be lowzie.

Wag. Why so thou shalt bée, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to me for seuen yeeres, Ile turne all the lice about thee into Familiars and make them teare thée in peeces.

Clo. Nay sir you may spare your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with mée, as if they paid for their meat and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your iesting, and take these guilders.

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an houres warning, whensoeuer and whereseeuer the Deuill shall fetch thée.

Clo. Here take your guilders againe, Ile none of'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two Deuils to carry thée away, Banio, Belcher.

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, Ile belch him: I am not afraid of a deuill. Enter two Deuils.

Wag. How now sir, will you serue mée now?

Clo. I good Wagner, take away the Deuill then.

Wag. Spirits away, now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir, but hearke you Maister, will you teach mée this coniuring occupation?

Wag. I sirrra, Ile teach thée to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

Clo. A dogge, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rate O braue Wagner.

Wag. Villaine, call me Maister Wagner, and see that you walke attentiuely, and let your right eye be alwaies Diametrally fixt vpon my left heele, that thou maist, Quasi vestigias nostras insistere.

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you. Exeunt.

Enter Faustus in his studie.

Faust. Now Faustus must thou needs be damn'd?
Canst thou not be sau'd?
What bootes it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

A way with ſuch vaine fancies and deſpaire,
Deſpaire in God, and truſt in Belzebub,
Now goe not backe Fauſtus, be reſolute.
Wauerſt thou? O ſomething ſoundeth in mine eare,
Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe.
Why he loues thee not. The God thou ſeru'ſt is thine owne
Wherein is fixt the loue of Belzebub! (appetite,
To him Ile build an Altar and a Church,
And offer luke-warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Fauſtus in that moſt famous Art.
Good An. Sweet Fauſtus leaue that execrable Art.
Fauſt. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, What be theſe?
Good An. O, they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.
Euill An. Rather illuſions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men fooliſh that doe vſe them moſt.
Good An. Sweet Fauſtus think of heauen & heauenly things.
Bad A. No Fauſtus thinke of honor & of wealth. Exeunt An.
Fauſt. Wealth? why the ſignory of Embden ſhall be mine;
When Mephoſtophilis ſhall ſtand by me
What power can hurt me? Fauſtus thou art ſafe:
Caſt no more doubts: Mephoſtophilis come,
And bring glad tydings from great Lucifer.
Is not midnight? Come Mephoſtophilis.
Veni, Veni, Mephoſtophilis. Enter Meph.
Now tell me, what ſaith Lucifer thy Lord?
Meph. That I ſhall wait on Fauſtus whilſt he liues,
So he will buy my ſeruice with his ſoule.
Fauſt. Already Fauſtus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But now thou muſt bequeath it ſolemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood:
For that ſecurity craues Lucifer,
If thou deny it I muſt backe to Hell.
Fauſt. Stay Mephoſtophilis, and tell me,
What good will my ſoule doe thy Lord?
Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus?
Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.
Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture others?
Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.
But tell me Faustus shall I haue thy soule?
And I will be thy slaue and wait on thée,
And giue thée more than thou hast wit to aske.
Faust. I Mephostophilis, Ile giue it him.
Meph. Then Faustus stab thine arme courageously,
And bind thy soule that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne:
Then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust. Lo Mepho. for loue of thée Faustus hath cut his arme,
And wi his proper blood assures his soule to be great Lucifers,
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.
Meph. But Faustus,
Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.
Faust. I so I doe; but Mephostophilis,
My blood congeales and I can write no more.
Meph. Ile fetch thée fire to dissolue it straight. Exit.
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
It is vnwilling I should write this bill.
Why streames it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus giues to thée his soule: O there it staid.
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe: Faustus giues to thée his

Enter Mephostophilis with the Chafer of fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, set it on.
Faust. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an end immediatly.
Meph. What will not I doe to obtaine his soule?
Faust. Consummatum est: this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

Homo.

Homo fuge, whither ſhall I fly?
If vnto heauen he'le throw me downe to hell.
My ſenſes are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ:
O yes, I ſee it plaine, euen here is writ
Homo fuge, yet ſhall not Fauſtus fly.
Meph. Ile fetch him ſomewhat to delight his minde. Exit.

Enter Deuils giuing Crownes and rich apparell to *Fauſtus*: they dance and then depart.
Enter *Mephoſtophilis*.

Fauſt. What meanes this ſhew? ſpeake Mephoſtophilis.
Meph. Nothing Fauſtus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee ſee what Magicke can performe.
Fauſt. But may I raiſe ſuch ſpirits when I pleaſe?
Meph. I Fauſtus, and doe greater things than theſe.
Fauſt. Then Mephoſtophilis receiue
A deed of Gift, of body and of ſoule:
But yet conditionally, that thou performe
All Couenants and Articles betwixt vs both.
Meph. Fauſtus, I ſweare by Hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promiſes betwixt vs both.
Fauſt. Then heare me read it Mephoſtophilis,
On theſe conditions following.

Firſt, that *Fauſtus* may be a ſpirit in forme and ſubſtance.
Secondly, that *Mephoſtophilis* ſhall be his ſeruant, and bee by him commanded.
Thirdly, that *Mephoſtophilis* ſhall doe for him, and bring him whatſoeuer.
Fourthly, that he ſhall bee in his chamber, or houſe inuiſible.
Laſtly, that he ſhall appeare to the ſaid *Iohn Fauſtus* at all times, in what ſhape and forme ſoeuer he pleaſe.
I Iohn Fauſtus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by theſe preſents, doe giue both body and ſoule to *Lucifer*, Prince of the Eaſt, and his Miniſter *Mephoſtophilis*, and furthermore grant vnto them that foure and twenty yeares being expired, and theſe Articles aboue written being inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the

ſaid

said *Iohn Faustus* body and soule, flesh and bloud, into their habitation wheresoeuer.

By me *Iohn Faustus*.

Meph. Speake Faustus, doe you deliuer this as your Deed?
Faust. I, take it, and the deuill giue thee good of it.
Meph. So now Faustus aske me what thou wilt.
Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell,
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?
Meph. Vnder the Heauens.
Faust. I, so are all things else: but where abouts?
Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one selfe place; but where we are is Hell,
And where hell is there must we euer be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolues,
And euery creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heauen,
Faust. I thinke hell's a meere fable.
Meph. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy minde.
Faust. Why dost thou thinke that Faustus shall be damn'd?
Meph. I of necessity, for here's the scrowle
In which thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.
Faust. I, and body too, but what of that?
Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That after this life there is any paine?
No, these are trifles, and meere old wiues tales.
Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.
Faust. Nay and this be hell, Ile willingly be damn'd:
What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?
But leauing this, let me haue a wife, the fairest Maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue without a wife.
Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a woman deuill.

Faust. What sight is this?

Meph. Now Faustus wilt thou haue a wife?
Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed: no, Ile no wife:
Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,
And if thou louest me thinke no more of it:
Ile cull thée out the fairest Curtezans,
And bring them euery morning to thy bed:
She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall haue,
Were she as chaste as were Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this booke and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold.
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings Thunder, Whirlewinds, storme and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harneste shall appeare to thée,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.
Faust. Thankes Mephostophilis for this sweet booke:
This will I keepe as chary as my life. Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomie,
Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top.
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaky Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
And as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That on this day is solemnized. Ex. Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his study, and Mephostophilis.

Faust. When I behold the Heauens then I repent,
And curse thée wicked Mephostophilis,

Because thou hast depriu'd me of those ioyes.
Meph. 'Twas thy owne seeking Faustus, thanke thy selfe.
But thinkst thou Heauen such a glorious thing?
I tell thee Faustus, it is not halfe so faire
As thou or any man that breathes on earth.
Faust. How prou'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man, then he's more excellent.
Faust If Heauen was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good An. Faustus repent, yet God will pitty thee.
Bad A. Thou art a Spirit, God cannot pitty thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in mine eares, I am a Spirit,
Be I a Deuill, yet God may pitty me.
Yea, God will pitty me if I repent.
Bad A. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.
Ex. An.
Faust. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name saluation, Faith, or Heauen:
Swords, poysons, halters, and inuenom'd steele,
Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:
And long ere this I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deepe dispaire.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the wals of Thebes,
With ranishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despaire?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephostophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And reason of Diuine Astrologie.
Speake, are there many Spheares aboue the Moone?
Are all Celestiall bodyes but one Globe,
As is the substance of this Centricke Earth?

Meph. As are the Elements such are the Heauens,
Euen from the Moone vnto the Empertall Orbe,
Mutually folded in each others Spheares,
And iointly moue vpon one axle-tree,
Whose termine is termed the worlds wide Pole.
Nor are the names of Saturne, Mars or Iupiter,
Fain'd, but are Cuening starres.

Faust. But haue they all one motion both situ & tempore?

Meph. All moue from East to West in foure and twenty houres, vpon the Poles of the world, but differ in their motions vpon the Poles of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?
Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
That the first is finisht in a naturall day?
The second thus, Saturne in 30 yeares;
Iupiter in 12. Mars in 4. the Sun, Venus and
Mercury in a yeare: the Moone in twenty eight dayes.
These are fresh mens questions but tell me, hath euery
Spheare a Dominion, or Intelligentia? Meph. I.

Faust. How many Heauens or Spheares are there?

Meph. Nine, the seauen Planets, the firmament, and the Empertall Heauen.

Faust. But is there not Cœlum Igneum & Chrystallinum?

Meph. No Faustus, they be but fables.

Faust. Resolue me then in this one question:
Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some yeares we haue more, in some lesse?

Meph. Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the
Meph. I will not. (world?

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Meph. Moue me not Faustus.

Faust. Villaine haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. That is not against our Kingdome.
This is: thou art damn'd, thinke thou of Hell.

Faust. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this—— Exit

Faust. I, goe accursed Spirit to vgly hell:
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soule. Is't not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.
Good. Never too late if Faustus will repent.
Bad. If thou repent, Deuils will teare thée in péeces.
Good. Repent and they shall never raze thy skin. Ex. An.
Faust. O Christ my Sauiour, my Sauiour,
Helpe to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Luci. Christ cannot saue thy soule for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.
Faust. O what art thou that lookst so terribly?
Luci. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell.
Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soule.
Belz. We are come to tell thée thou dost injure vs.
Luci. Thou calst on Christ contrary to thy promise.
Belz. Thou shouldst not thinke on God.
Luci. Thinke on the Deuill.
Belz. And his dam too.
Faust. Nor will Faustus henceforth, pardon him for this.
And Faustus vowes never to looke to Heauen.
Luci. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient seruant,
And wée will highly gratifie thée for it.
Belz. Faustus, wee are come from Hell in person to shew thée some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seuen deadly sinnes appeare to thée in their owne proper shapes and likenesse.
Faust. That sight will be as pleasant vnto me, as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his Creation.
Luci. Talke not of Paradise or Creation, but marke the shew, goe Mephostophilis and fetch them in.

Enter the seuen deadly Sinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soone: What art thou the first?

Pride. I am Pride; I disdaine to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids Flea, I can crepe into euery corner of a wench: Sometimes like a Periwigge, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Necke-lace, I hang about her Necke: Then, like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocke doe what I list. But fie, what a smell is here? Ile not speake a word more for a Kings ransome, vnlesse the ground bee perfumed and couered with cloth of Aras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knaue indeed: what art thou the second?

Couet. I am Couetousnesse: begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag: and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all, should turne to gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest: O my sweet gold.

Faust. And what art thou the third?

Enuy. I am Enuy: begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Oyster wife: I cannot reade, and therefore wish all bookes burned. I am leane with seeing others eat: O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, and I liue alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I'de be. But must thou sit and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.

Faust. Out enuious wretch: But what art thou the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and haue euer since runne vp and downe the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was borne in Hell, and loue to it, for some of you shall be my Father.

Faust. And what art thou the fift?

Glut. I am Gluttony, my parents are all dead, and the deu'll a penny they haue left me but a small pension, and that buyes me thirty meales a day, and ten Beauers: a small trifle to suffice nature. I came of a Royall pedigree, my Father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my Mother was a Hogshead of Claret wine. My God-fathers were these: Peter pickled herring, and Martin Martlemas-beefe: but my God-

mother,

mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beere. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. Then the deuill choake thée.

Faust. Choake thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho: I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, Hey ho, Ile not speake a word more for a Kings ransom.

Fau. And what are you mistris Minks, the seuenth and last?

Letch. Who? I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fride Stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper. Ex. the 7 Sinnes.

Faust. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Lucif. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then?

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thée, meane while peruse this booke, and view it throughly, and thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thankes mighty Lucifer.
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Luci. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewell great Lucifer. Come Mephostophilis.

Exeunt omnes seuerall wayes.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick looke to the horses there till I come againe, I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus conjuring bookes, and now we'le haue such knauery as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walke the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses? I scorn't ifaith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walke themselues an they will. A per se a, t. h. e. the: o per se o, deny orgon, gorgon: keepe further from me O thou illiterate and vnlearned Hostler.

Dick. Snayles, what hast thou got there? a booke? why thou canst ne're a word on't.

Rob.

Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keepe out of the Ci
I say, lest I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like ifaith: you had best leave your foolery
an my master come, he'll conjure you ifaith.

Rob. My master conjure me? Ile tell thee what, an my m
ster come here, Ile clap a faire paire of hornes on's head,
ere thou sawst in thy life.

Dick. Thou needs not do that, for my mistresse hath don

Rob. I, there be of vs here that have waded as deepe i
matters as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake
and downe after her for nothing. But I prethee tel me in
sadnesse Robin, is that a conjuring Booke?

Rob. Do but speake what thou'lt have me to doe, and I
do't: If thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'le c
jure thee about presently: Or if thou'lt go but to the Tauer
with me, Ile give thee White-wine, Red wine, Claret wi
Sacke, Muskadine, Malmesey, and Whippincrust, hold be
hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O braue, I prethee let's to it presently, for I am
dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let vs away. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Learned Faustus, to finde the secrets of Astronomy
Graven in the Booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount vp to scale Olimpus top:
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaked Dragons neckes:
To view the Clouds, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropicke Zones, and quarters of the Skie,
From the bright circle of the horned Mone,
Euen to the height of Primum mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to west his Dragons swiftly glide.
And in eight dayes did bring him home againe.

ot long he stayd within his quiet house
o rest his bones after his weary toyle,
ut new exploits doe haile him out again,
nd mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
hat with his wings did part the subtill Ayre,
e now is gone to prove Cosmographie,
hat measures coasts and kingdomes of the earth:
nd as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
o see the Pope and manner of his Court,
nd take some part of holy Peters feast,
he which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Hauing now my good Mephostophilis,
ast with delight the stately towne of Trier:
ntron'd with airy mountaine tops,
ith walls of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
ot to be won by any conquering Prince,
rom Paris next, coasting the Realme of France,
e saw the Riuer Maine fall into Rhine,
hose bankes are set with groues of fruitfull vines.
hen vnto Naples, rich Campania,
hose buildings faire and gorgeous to the eye,
he streets straight-forth, and paued with finest brick.
here saw we learned Maroes golden tombe:
he way he cut an English mile in length,
horow a rocke of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East,
n one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
hat threats the Starres with her aspiring top,
hose frame is paued with sundry coloured stones,
And roft aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. I haue my Faustus, and for proofe thereof,

This is the goodly Palace of the Pope:
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his priuie Chamber for our vse.
Faust. I hope his Holinesse will bid you welcome.
Meph. All's one, for we'le be bold with his venison.
But now my Faustus that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containes, for to delight thine eyes:
Know that this City stands vpon seuen hills,
That vnder-prop the ground-worke of the same:
Just through the midst runnes flowing Tibers streame,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:
Ouer the which two stately bridges leane,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome,
Vpon the bridge cal'd Ponto Angelo
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of Ordinance,
As that the double Cannons forg'd of Brasse,
Doe match the number of the dayes contain'd
Within the compasse of one compleat yeare:
Besides the gates and high Pyramides,
That Iulius Cæsar brought from Affrica.
Faust. Now by the Kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Stix, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake
Of euer-burning Phlegeton I sweare,
That I doe long to see those Monuments,
And situation of bright splendent Rome,
Come therefore let's away.
Meph. Nay stay my Faustus, I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which in state and high solemnity.
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.
Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me,
Whilst I am here on earth let me clod
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My foure and twenty yeares of libertie,
Ile spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus name while this bright frame doth stand,

May be admired thorow the farthest land.
Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.
Faust. Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request and then I goe.
Thou knowst within the compasse of eight dayes,
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell.
So high our Dragons soar'd into the ayre,
That looking downe, the earth appear'd to me,
No bigger than my hand in quantity.
There did we view the Kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
Then in this shew let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus cunning see.
Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way,
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By cunning in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of his solemnitie;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques to his triple Crowne:
To beate the beads about the Friers pates,
Or clap huge hornes upon the Cardinals heads:
Or any villanie thou canst devise,
And I'le performe, Faustus: hearke, they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter Cardinalls and Bishops, some bearing Crosiers, some the Pillars, Monks and Friers singing their procession: Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hungary, with Bruno led in Chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our foot-stoole.
Ray. Saxon Bruno stoope,
Whilst on thy backe his Holinesse ascends
Saint Peters chaire, and state Pontificall.
Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me:
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter, shalt thou groueling lie,
And crouch before the Papall dignitie:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heyre,
From Bruno's backe ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods creepe on with feet of wooll,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise.
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Goe forth-with to the holy Consistory
And read amongst the statutes decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The sacred Synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papall government,
Without election and a true consent:
Away, and bring vs word with speed.

1 Car. We goe my Lord.

Exeunt Car.

Pope. Lord Raymond,

Faust. Goe haste thee gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the Cardinalls to the Consistorie;
And as they turne their superstitious bookes,
Strike them with sloth and drowsie idlenesse:
And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapes,
Thy selfe and I may parly with the Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor:
And in despight of all his holinesse
Restore this Bruno to his libertie,
And beare him to the States of Germanie.

Meph. Faustus I goe.

Faust. Dispatch it soone,
The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Ex. Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian, let me have right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. We will depose the Emperor for that Deed.
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,

And interdict from Churches Priuilege,
And all societie of holie men:
He growes too proud in his authoritie,
Lifting his loftie head aboue the clouds
And like a steeple ouer-peares the Church:
But we'le pull downe his haughtie insolence:
And as Pope Alexander, our Progenitor.
Trod on the necke of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peters heires should tread on Emperors,
And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
Stamping the Lion and the Dragon downe,
And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske:
So will we quell that haughtie Schismatique,
And by authoritie Apostolicall
Depose him from his regall government.

Bruno. Pope Iulius swore to Princelie Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on vs:
And therefore though we would we cannot erre.
Behold this siluer belt whereto is fixt
Seuen golden scales fast sealed with seuen seales,
In token of our seuen-fold power from heauen,
To binde or lose, locke fast, condemne, or iudge,
Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs.
Then he and thou, and all the world shall stoope,
Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
To light as heauie as the paines of Hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?
Faust. Yes Mephostophilis, and two such Cardinals
Ne'r serv'd a holie Pope, as we shall doe.
But whilst they sleepe within the Consistorie,

Let us salute his reuerend Fatherhood.

Ray. Behold my Lord the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, answer presently,
What hath our holy Councell there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our State and Papall dignitie?

Faust. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome
By full consent of all the Synod
Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the Germane Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold Schismatiques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without enforcement of the Germane Peeres,
Did seeke to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death, to climbe Saint Peters Chaire,
The Statutes decretall haue thus decreed,
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And beare him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast;
To morrow sitting in our Consistory,
With all our colledge of graue Cardinals.
We will determine of his life or death.
Here take this triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches treasurie.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was never deuill thus blest before.

Faust. Away sweet Mephostophilis be gone,
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

Ex. Faustus and Mephosto.

Pope. Goe presently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungarie,
Drinke to our late and happie victorie. Exeunt.

A Sonet while the banquet is brought in, and then enter Faustus and Mephostophilis in their owne shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The slæpy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And one a'proud pac'd stæd, as swift as thought,
Flies ore the Alpes to frostfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperor.
Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his Crowne away:
But now that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis so charme me here,
That I may walke inuisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, vnseene of any.
Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then knæle downe presently.
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand.
First weare this Girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are here:
The Planets seuen, the gloomy Ayre,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Plutoes blew fire, and Hecats Tree,
With Magicke spells so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holinesse,
Doe what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.
Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis, now Fryers take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shauen Crownes to blæd.
Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinals come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals: come sit downe

Lord

Lord Raymond, take your seat, Fryers attend,
And see that all things are in readinesse,
As best becomes this solmne festinall.
1 Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse,
To view the sentence of the reuerend Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.
Pope. What néds this question? did I not tell you,
To morrow we would sit i'th Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment:
You brought vs word euen now, it was decréd
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd
For loathed Lollords, and base Schismatickes:
Then wherefore would you haue me view that booke?
1 Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gaue vs no such charge.
Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple Crowne to be reseru'd
And put into the Churches treasury.
Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.
Pope. By Peter ye shall dye,
Vnlesse ye bring them forth immediatly.
Vale them forth to prison, lade their limbs with gyues:
False Prelates for this hatefull trecherie,
Curst be your soules to hellish misery.
Faust. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had neuer such a frolike guest.
Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit downe with vs.
Bishop. I thanke your Holinesse.
Faust. Fall to, the deuill choake you an you spare.
Pope. Who's that spoke? Fryers looke about.
Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.
Faust. I Thanke you sir.
Pope. How now? who snatcht the meat from me?
Villaines, why speake ye not?
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish
Was sent me from a Cardinall in France.

Faust

Faust. I'le haue that too.

Pope. What Lollards doe attend our Holinesse,
That we receiue such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I pray doe, for Faustus is a dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond I drinke vnto your Grace.

Faust. I pledge your Grace.

Pope. My wine gone too? ye Lubbers looke about,
And finde the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude ye all shall dye.
I pray my Lords haue patience
At this troublesome Banquet.

Bish. Please your Holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your Holinesse for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:
Goe then command our Priests to sing a Dirge.
To lay the fury of this same troublesome Ghost

Faust. How now? must euery bit be spiced with a Crosse Nay then take that.

Pope. O, I am slaine, helpe me my Lords:
O come and helpe to beare my body hence:
Damn'd be his soule for euer for this deed.

Exeunt Pope and his traine.

Mep. Now Faustus, what will you doe now? for I can tel you, You'l be curst with Bell, Booke and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle: Candle, Booke, and Bell:
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.

Enter the Friers with Bell, Booke, and Candle, for the Dirge.

1 Frier. Come brethren, let's about our busines with good deuotion.

Curst be he that stole his Holinesse meat from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curst be he that strooke his Holinesse a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curſed be he that ſtrucke Fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate.
Maledicat Dom.
Curſed de he that diſturbeth our holy Dirge.
Maledicat Dom.
Curſed be he that tooke away his Holyneſſe wine.
Maledicat Dom.
Beat the Friers, fling fire-workes among them,
and Exeunt. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke with a Cup.

Dicke. Sirra Robin, we were beſt loke that your diuell can anſwer the ſtealing of this cup, for the Vintners Boy followes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. Tis no matter, let him come: and he follow vs, Ile ſo coniure him, as he was neuer coniur'd in his life, I warrant him: let me ſee the cup.

Enter Vintner.

Dicke. Here'tis: yonder he comes: Now Robin, now or neuer ſhew thy cunning.

Vint. Oh are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you ſtole from the Tauerne?

Rob. How, how? we ſteal a cup, take heed what you ſay, we loke not like cup-ſtealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and I'le ſearch you.

Rob. Search me? I and ſpare not: hold the cup Dicke, come, come, ſearch me, ſearch mee.

Vint. Come on ſirra, let me ſearch you now.

Dicke. I, I, doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your ſearching; we ſcorne to ſteale your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer outface me for the matter, for ſure the cup is betweene you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knauery to take it away: Come giue it me againe.

Rob. I warrant, when can you tell? Dicke, make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stirr not for thy life, Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dicke: O perse Demigorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You Princely Legions of Infernall Rule,
How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes?
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shrewd journey of it: will it please you take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Tester in your purse, and goe backe againe.

Dicke. I, I pray you heartily sir; for we cald you but in iest I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this vgly shape,
For apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape? I pray sir let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a dogge,
And carry him vpon thy backe, away be gone.

Rob. A dog? thats excellent: let the maids looke well to their Porridge-pots, for I'le into the Kitchen presently: come Dicke, come. Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer burning fire,
I'le wing my selfe and forth-with flie amaine
Vnto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court. Exit.

Enter Martino and Fredericke at seuerall doores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen,
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour,
Good Fredericke see the rowmes be voyded straight,

His Maiesty is comming to the Hall,
Go backe, and see the State in readinesse.
Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies backe came post from Rome.
Will not his grace consort the Emperour?
Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Coniurer,
The learned Faustus, fame of wittenberge,
The wonder of the World for Magicke Art,
And hee intends to shew great Carolus
The race of all his stout Progenitors:
And bring in presence of his Maiesty
The royall shapes and perfect semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.
Fre. Where is Benuolio?
Mart. Fast asleepe I warrant you,
He tooke his rouse with flapes of Rhennish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's healthy,
That all this day the sluggard keepes his bed:
Fre. See see, his windowe's ope, wee'le call to him.
Mart. What ho, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio aboue at a window, in his night-cap: buttoning.

Benu. What a Deuill ayle you two?
Mart. Speake softly Sir, lest the Deuill heare you:
For Faustus at the Court is late arriu'd,
And at his heeles ten thousand Furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoeuer the Doctor please.
Ben. What of this
Mart. Come leaue thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This Coniurer perform such rare exploits
Before the Pope and royall Emperour,
As neuer yet was seene in Germany.
Benu. Has not the Pope enough of Coniuring yet?
He was vpon the Deuils backe late enough,
And if he be so farre in loue with him,

I would he would post with him to Rome againe.

Fre. Speake wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe i'th meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spels may compast be.

Ben. Well goe you attend the Emperour: I am content for this once to thrust my head out at the window: for they say if a man be drunke ouernight, the Deuill cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I haue a charme in my head, shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno, Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Fredericke, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall adde more excellence vnto thine Art,
Than if by powerfull Necromantick spels,
Thou could'st command the worlds obedience:
For euer be belou'd of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous throw all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germaine Emperour.

Faust. Those gratious words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his vtmost power,
Both loue and serue the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proofe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Doctor ſtands prepar'd by power of Art,
To caſt his Magicke charmes that ſhall pierce thorow
The Ebon gates of ever-burning Hell,
And hale the ſtubborne Furies from their Caues,
To compaſſe whereſoere your Grace commands.

Ben. Blind hee ſpeakes terribly: but for all that I doe not greatly beleeue him, he lookes as like a Coniurer, as the Pope to a Coſtermonger.

Emp. Then Fauſtus, as thou late didſt promiſe vs,
We would behold that famous Conqueror,
Great Alexander and his Paramour,
In their true ſhapes, and ſtate Maieſticall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Fau. Your Maieſty ſhall ſee them preſently,
Mephoſtophilis away,
And with a ſolemne noyſe of Trumpets ſound,
Preſent before the royall Emperour
Great Alexander and his beautious Paramour.

Meph. Fauſtus, I will,

Ben. Well M. Doctor, and your Deuils come not away quickly you ſhall haue me aſleepe preſently: zounds I could eat my ſelfe for anger, to thinke I haue beene ſuch an Aſſe all this while to ſtand gaping after the Deuils Gouernour, and can ſee nothing.

Fauſt. I'le make you feele ſomething anon if my Art faile me not.
My Lord I muſt forewarne your Maieſty,
That when my Spirits preſent the royall ſhapes
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your Grace demand no queſtions of the King,
But in dumbe ſilence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Fauſtus pleaſe, we are content

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alexander and his Paramour before the Emperour I'le be Actæon, and turne my ſelfe to a Stagge.

Fauſt. And I'le play Diana, and ſend you the hornes preſently.

Exit.

Senit. Enter at one doore the Emperour Alexander, at the other Darius; they meet. Darius is throwne downe, Alexander kills him, takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe out, his Paramour meets him: he embraceth her, and sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and comming backe, both salute the Emperour, Who leauing his state offers to embrace them: which Faustus seeing, suddenly stayes him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musicke sounds.

My gratious Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
They are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compast him.
But Faustus, since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady while she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole,
How may I proue that saying to be true?

Faust. Your Maiesty may boldly goe and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away be gone. Exit shew.
See see my gracious Lord, what strange Beast is yon,
That thrusts his head out at the window.

Emp. O wondrous sight! see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hornes most strangly fastened
Vpon the head of young Benuolio.

Sax. What is he asleepe or dead?

Faust. He sleepes my Lord, but dreames not of his hornes.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'le call and wake him.
What ho, Benuolio.

Ben.

Ben. A plague vpon you, let me ſléepe a while.

Emp. I blame thée not to ſléepe much hauing ſuch a head of thine owne.

Sax. Looke vp Benuolio.. 'tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? O zounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd ſufficiently

Fauſt. Why how now ſir Knight, what hang'd by the hornes? this is moſt horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for ſhame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Fauſt. O ſay not ſo ſir: the Doctor has no ſkill,
No Art, no cunning, to preſent theſe Lords,
Or bring before this Royall Emperour
The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Fauſtus doe it, you are ſtraight reſolu'd,
In bold Actæons ſhape to turne a Stagge,
And therefore my Lord ſo pleaſe your Maieſty,
Ile raiſe a kennell of Hounds ſhall hunt him ſo,
And all his footmanſhip ſhall ſcarce prevaile,
To keepe his Carkaſſe from their bloudy phangs.
Ho, Belimot, Argiron, Aſterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: Zounds hée'le raiſe vp a kennell of Deuils I thinke anon: good my Lord, intreat for me: s'bloud I am neuer able to endure theſe torments.

Emp. Then good M. Doctor,
Let me intreat you to remoue his hornes,
He hath done Pennance now ſufficiently.

Fauſt. My gracious Lord, not ſo much for injury done to me, as to delight your Maieſty with ſome mirth, hath Fauſtus iuſtly requited this iniurious Knight, which being all I deſire, I am content to remoue his hornes: Mephoſtophilis, transforme him: and hereafter ſir, looke you ſpeake well of Schollers.

Ben. Speake well of yée: 'sbloud and Schollers bée ſuch Cuckold-makers to clap hornes of honeſt mens heads o' this order, Ile neere truſt ſmooth faces, and ſmall ruffes more. But

an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a gaping Oyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus, while the Emperour lines,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And liue belou'd of mighty Carolus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Martino, Fredericke, and Souldiers.

Mart. May sweet Benuolio, let vs sway thy thoughts,
From this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not to bid me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an iniury,
When euery seruile groome iests at my wrongs,
And in their Rusticke gambalds proudly say,
Benuolio's head was grac'd with hornes to day?
O may these eye-lids neuer close againe,
Till with my sword I haue the Coniurer slaine.
If you will ayd me in this enterprise:
Then draw your weapons and be resolute:
If not, depart; here will Benuolio dye,
But Faustus death shall quit thy infamy.

Fred. May we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke hie thee to the groue,
And place our seruants and our followers
Close in ambush there behind the trees:
By this I know the Coniurer is neere,
I saw him kneele and kisse the Emperors hand,
And take his leaue laden with rich rewards.
Then Souldiers brauely fight, if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victory.

Fred. Come Souldiers, follow me vnto the groue,
Who kils him shall haue gold and endlesse loue.

Exit Fredericke with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter than it was by th'hornes,

But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants vntill I ſée the Coniurer dead.
Mart. Where ſhall we place our ſelues Benuolio?
Ben. Héere will we ſtay to bide the firſt aſſault,
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou ſone ſhouldſt ſée me quit my ſoule diſgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Cloſe, cloſe, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gowne:
Be ready then, and ſtrike that Peaſant downe.
Ben. Mine be that honour then; now ſword ſtrike home,
For hornes he gaue Ile haue his head anon.

Enter Fauſtus with his falſe head.

Mart. Hée, ſée, he comes.
Ben. No words, this blow ends all,
Hell take his ſoule, his body thus muſt fall.
Fauſt. Oh.
Fred. Groane you Maſter Doctor?
Ben. Breake may his heart with grones: déere Frederick ſée,
Thus will I end his griefes immediatly.
Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.
Ben. The Deuil's dead, The Furies may laugh.
Fred. Was this that ſterne aſpect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim Monarch of infernall ſpirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding Charmes?
Mart. Was this that damned head, whoſe heart conſpir'd
Benuolio's ſhame before the Emperour?
Ben. I thats the head, and there the bodie lies,
Juſtly rewarded for his villanies
Fred. Come let's deuiſe how we may adde more ſhame
To the blacke ſcandall of his hated name.
Ben. Firſt, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naile huge forked hornes, and let them hang
Within the window where he yeal'd me firſt,
That all the world may ſée my juſt reuenge.
Mart. What vſe ſhall we put his beard to?

Ben.

Ben. Wele sell it to a Chimney-sweeper: it will weare out ten birchin brownes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes doe?

Ben. Wele pull out his eyes, and they shall serue for buttons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.

Mart. An excellent policy: and now sirs hauing diuided him, what shall the body doe?

Ben. Zounds the Deuill's aliue againe.

Fred. Giue him his head for Gods sake.

Faust. Nay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands,
I call your hearts to recompence this deede.
knew ye not Traitors I was limited
For foure and twenty yeares to breath on earth,
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit returnd,
And I had breath'd a man made free from harme.
But wherefore doe I dally my reuenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephosto: and other Diuels.

Go horse these Traitors on your fiery backes,
And mount aloft with them as high as heauen,
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet stay, the world shall see their misery,
And Hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go Belimoth, and take this caitiffe hence,
And hurle him in some lake of mud and durt:
Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,
Among the pricking thornes and sharpest briers,
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This Traytor flies vnto some steepy rocke,
That rouling downe, may breake the villaines bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediatly.

Fred. Pitty vs gentle Faustus, saue our liues.

Faust. Away.

Fred. Ye must needs go that the Diuell driues.

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

Enter the Ambush Souldiers.

1. Sould. Come sirs prepare your selues in readinesse,
Make hast to helpe these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the Conjurer.
2. Sould. See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slaue.
Faust. Whats here? an ambush to betray my life:
Then Faustus try thy skill: base Peasants stand;
For loe the trées remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarks twixt your selues and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the doore, and enter a Diuell playing on a drum, after him another bearing an Ensigne: and diuers with weapons, Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon the Souldiers and drive them out.

Enter at seuerall doores Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeard with mud and durt, hauing all hornes on their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio?
Ben. Here, what Fredericke, ho?
Fred. O helpe me gentle friend, where is Martino?
Mart. Heere Fredericke here,
Halfe smothered in a lake of mud and durt,
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the heeles.
Fred. Martino see,
Benuolio's hornes againe.
Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?
Ben. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?
Mart. Nay feare not man, we haue no power to kill.
Ben. My friends transformed thus: O hellish spite,

Your heads are all set with hornes.

Fred. You hit it right,
It is your owne you meane, feele on your head.

Ben. Zounds hornes againe.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What deuill attends this damn'd Magitian,
That spight of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we doe that we may hide our shames?

Ben. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,
Hee'd ioyne long Asses eares to these huge hornes,
And make vs laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, deere Benuolio?

Ben. I haue a Castle ioyning neere these woods,
And thither wee'le repaire, and liue obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
Sith blacke disgrace hath thus eclipst our fame:
Wee'le rather die with griefe, than liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and Mephostophilis.

Horse. I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollers.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollers more, take him, because I see thou hast a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this: I am a very poore man, and haue lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargaine will set me vp againe.

Faust. Well I will not stand with thee, giue me the money: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're hedge, and ditch, and spare him not, but doe you heere? in any case ride him not into the water.

Horse. How sir, not into the water? why, will he not drinke of all waters?

Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ore hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water: Goe bid the Hostler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir: O ioyfull day, now am I a made man for euer. Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus, but a man condemnd to die? Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end: Despaire doth drive distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe, Tush, Christ did call the Theefe vpon the Crosse Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

He sits to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. O what a cosening Doctor was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had beene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much adoe to escape drowning: Well Ile go rouse him and make him giue me my forty Dollors againe. Ho sirra Doctor, you cosening scab, Maister Doctor awake, and rise, and giue me my money againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Maister Doctor. He puls off his leg. Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O helpe, helpe, the villaine has murtherd me.

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he hath but one leg. Ile out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him——ha, ha, ha, Faustus hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of Hay for his forty Dollors.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly [illegible] your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend [illegible] prouision fit for your iourney.

Faust.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dicke, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best béere in Europe, what ho, Hostesse: where be these whores?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old Guests? welcome.

Clo: Sirra Dicke, dost know why I stand so mute?

Dicke. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eighténe pence on the score, but say nothing, see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnely by himselfe? What my old Guest?

Clo. O Hostesse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dicke. Why Hostesse, I say fetch vs some Béere

Host. You shall presently, looke vp into the hall there, ho.

Dicke. Come sirs, what shall we doe till mine Hostesse comes?

Cart. Marry sir, Ile tell you the brauest tale how a Coniurer serua'd me: you know Doctor Faustus?

Horse. I, a plague take him, here's some on's haue cause to know him; did he coniure thée too?

Cart. Ile tell you how he serua'd me: As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should giue me for as much hay as he could eate? now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne, bad him take as much as he would for three Farthings; so he presently gaue me money, and fell to eating, and as I am a curssen man, he neuer left eating, till he had eat vp all my load of hay.

All. O monstrous, eat a whole load of hay

Clow.

Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horſe. Now ſirs, you ſhall heare how villanouſly he ſerv'd mée: I went to him yeſterday to buy a horſe of him, and hee would by no meanes ſell him vnder forty Dollers; ſo ſir, becauſe I knew him to be ſuch a horſe as would run ouer hedge and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: ſo when I had my horſe, Doctor Fauſtus bade me ride him night and day and ſpare him no time: but, quoth hee, in any caſe ride him not into the water. Now ſir, I thinking the horſe had had ſome rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but ride him into a great riuer, and when I came iuſt in the midſt, my horſe vaniſht away, and I ſate ſtradling vpon a bottle of hay.

All. Braue Doctor.

Horſe. But you ſhall heare how brauely I ſerv'd him for it: I went me home to his houſe, and there I found him aſléepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I ſéeing that, tooke him by the legge, and neuer reſted pulling, till I had pull'd me his legge quite off, and now tis at home in mine hoſtrey.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then? that's excellent, for one of his Deuils turn'd me into the likeneſſe of an Apes face.

Cart. Some more drinke Hoſteſſe.

Clow. Hearke you, wé'le into another roome and drinke a while, and then wé'le goe ſéeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Dutcheſſe, Fauſtus, and Mephoſtophilis.

Duke. Thanks Maſter Doctor for theſe pleaſant ſights, Nor know I how ſufficiently to recompence your great deſerts, in erecting that inchanted Caſtle in the Ayre:
The ſight whereof ſo delighteth me,
As nothing in the world could pleaſe me more.

Faust. I doe thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recompenced, in that it hath pleased your Grace to thinke but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may bee, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights: therefore I pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I haue hard that great bellied women doe long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I find you so kind, I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to haue, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the Winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go Mephostophilis, away. Exit Mepho.

Maddam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter Mephostophilis againe with the grapes.

Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,
For they came from a farre Country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more than all the rest, that at this time of the yeare when euery tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these grapes.

Faust. Please it your grace, the yeare is deuided into two circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is Winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East, where they haue fruit twice a yeare. From whence by meanes of a swift Spirit that I haue, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted.

The Clowne bounceth at the gate within.

Duke. What rude disturbers haue we at the Gate?

Goe pacifie their furie, ſet it ope,
And then demand of them what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with Fauſtus.

A Seruant. Why how now Maſters, what a coyle is there?
What is the reaſon you diſturbe the Duke?

Dic. We haue no reaſon for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why ſaucy Varlets, dare you be ſo bold?

Horſe. I hope ſir, we haue wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

Ser. It appeares ſo, pray be bold elſewhere,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to ſpeake with Doctor Fauſtus.

Cart. I, and we will ſpeake with him.

Duke. Will you ſir? Commit the raſkalls.

Dicke. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with vs.

Fauſt. I do beſeech your Grace let them come in,
They are good ſubiect to a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Fauſtus, I giue thee leaue.

Fauſt. I thanke your Grace.

Enter the Clowne, Dicke, Carter and Horſe-courſer,

Why how now my good friends?
Faith you are too outragious, but come neere,
I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay ſir we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dozen of Beere here and be hang'd.

Fauſt. Nay harke you, can you tell where you are?

Cart. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but ſir ſauce box, know you in what place?

Horſe

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in: Zounds fill vs some Beere, or we'll break all the barrels in the house and dash out all your braines with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious, come, you shall haue Beere, My Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while, Ile gage my credit, t'will content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy selfe, Our seruants and our Court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your grace: then fetch some Beere.

Horse. I marry there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg? what dost thou meane by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost thou heare him Dicke, he has forgot his leg.

Horse. I, I, he dos not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith, not much vpon a woodden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so fraile with your worship: Doe not you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And doe you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I doe very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No in good sooth.

Cart. Then I pray you remember your courtesie.

Faust. Thanke you sir.

Cart. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Bee both your legs bed-fellowes euery night together?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askst me such questions?

Cart. No truly sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainly they are.

Cart. I thanke you I am fully ſatisfied.

Fauſt. But wherefore dost thou aske?

Cart. For nothing ſir: but me thinke you ſhould haue a wodden bedfellow of one of'em.

Horſe. Why doe you heare ſir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were aſleepe?

Fauſt. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you here ſir.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs?

Cart. Doe you remember ſir, how you coſened me and eat vp my load of———

Fauſtus charmes him dumbe.

Dicke: Doe you remember how you made me weare an Apes———

Horſe. You whoreſon conjuring ſcab, doe you remember how you coſened me with a ho———

Clow. Haue you forgotten me? you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-paſſe, and Re-paſſe: doe you remember the dogs ſa———

Exeunt Clownes.

Hoſt. Who payes for the Ale? hart you M. Doctor, now you haue ſent away my Gueſts, I pray who ſhall pay me for my A———

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Lady. My lord,
We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence
With all the loue and kindneſſe that we may.
His artfull ſports driue all ſad thoughts away.

Exeunt,

Thunder and lightning: Enter Diuels with couerd diſhes: Mephoſtophilis leads them into Fauſtus Study: then Enter Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maſter meanes to die ſhortly, he has made his will, and giuen me his wealth, his houſe, his goods, & ſtore

of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coind: I wonder what he meanes; if death were nye, he would not frolike thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where there's such belly-cheere as Wagner in his life never saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended.

Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

1 Sch. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest Lady that ever liu'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will do vs so much fauour as to let vs see that peerelesse dame of Greece whom all the world admires for Maiesty, we should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vnfaind,
It is not Faustus custome to deny
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerelesse dame of Greece,
No other wise for pompe or Maiesty,
Than when sir Paris crost the Seas with her,
And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound. Mephost. brings in Helen, she passeth ouer the stage.

2. Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth,
Made Greece with ten yeares Warres afflict poore Troy?

3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for Maiesty.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
Wee'll take our leaues, and for this blessed sight,
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

Enter an old man,

Old man. O gentle Fauſtus leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke that will charme thy ſoule to hell,
And quite bereaue thée of ſaluation.
Though thou haſt now offended like a man,
Do not perſeuer in it like a Deuill:
Yet, yet, thou haſt an amiable ſoule,
If ſinne by cuſtome grow not into nature,
Then (Fauſtus) will repentance come too late,
Then thou art baniſht from the ſight of heauen;
No Mortall can expreſſe the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harſh and all vnpleaſant; let it not,
For gentle ſonne, I ſpeake it not in wrath
Or enuie to thée, but in tender loue,
And pitty of thy future miſery.
And ſo haue hope, that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy ſoule

Fau. Where art thou Fauſtus? wretch, what haſt thou done?

Mephoſtophilis giues him a Dagger.

Hell claimes his right, and with a roaring voyce,
Saies Fauſtus come, thine houre is almoſt come,
And Fauſtus now will come to do thee right.

Old. O ſtay good Fauſtus, ſtay thy deſperate ſteps,
I ſee an Angell houer o're thy head,
And with a Viall full of precious grace,
Offers to poure the ſame into thy ſoule,
Then call for mercy and auoyd deſpaire. (ſoule.

Fauſt. O friend, I feele thy words to comfort my diſtreſſed
Leaue me a while to ponder on my ſinnes.

Old. Fauſtus, I leaue thee but with griefe of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapleſſe ſoule. Exit.

Fauſt. accurſed Fauſtus, wretch what haſt thou done?
I do repent, and yet I doe deſpaire,
Hell ſtriues with grace for conqueſt in my breaſt:
What ſhall I do to ſhun the ſnares of death?

Meph. Thou Traitor Fauſtus, I areſt thy ſoule,
For diſobedience to my ſoueraigne Lord,

Reuolt

Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh.
Faust. I do repent I e're offended him,
Sweet Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Doe it then Faustus with vnfained heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst disswade me from thy Lucifer,
with greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I can affict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee,
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I may haue vnto my Paramour,
That heauenly Hellen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare
Those thoughts that do disswade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless Towers of Ilium;
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:
Her lips suckе forth my soule, see where it flies,
Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,
Here will I dwell, for heauen is in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberge be sackt,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,

Yea,

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And all is drosse that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberge be sackt,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,

Yea,

Yea I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kiſſe.
O thou art fairer than the Euenings Ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thouſand ſtarres:
Brighter art thou than flaming Iupiter,
When he appeard to hapleſſe Semele.
More louely than the Monarch of the Skye,
In wanton Arethuſa's azurd armes,
And none but thou ſhalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephoſtophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis doe we aſcend,
To view the ſubiects of our monarchie,
Thoſe ſoules which ſinne ſeales the black ſonnes of hell,
Mongſt which as chiefe, Fauſtus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs laſting damnation,
To wait vpon thy ſoule; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Fauſtus be.

Belz. And here wee'le ſtay,
To marke him how he doth demeane himſelfe.

Meph. How ſhould he, but in deſperate lunacy?
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with griefe;
His conſcience kils it, and his labouring braine
Begets a world of idle fantaſies,
To ouer'reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
His ſtore of pleaſures muſt be ſauc'd with paine.
He and his ſeruant Wagner are at hand,
Both come from drawing Fauſtus lateſt Will.
See where they come. Enter Fauſtus and Wagner.

Fauſt. Say Wagner, thou haſt perus'd my Will,
How doſt thou like it?

Wag. Sir, ſo wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yeeld
My life and laſting ſeruice for your loue. Enter the Schollers.

Fauſt.

Faust. Gramarcy Wagner,
Welcome Gentlemen.

1 Now worthy Faustus, me thinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2 What ayles Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet Chamber-fellow, had I liu'd with thee, Then had I liu'd still, but now must die eternally.
Looke sirs, comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deare Faustus, what imports this feare?

2 Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

3 He is not well with being ouer solitary.

2 If it be so, wee'le haue Physitians, and Faustus shall be cur'd.

3 'Tis but a surfet, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of a deadly sinne, that hath damn'd both body and soule.

2 Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:
The Serpent that tempted Eue may be saued,
But not Faustus: O Gentlemen, here me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pant and quiuer to remember that I haue been a Student here these 30 yeares. O would I had nere seene Wittenberge, neuer read booke, and what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse; yea all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world, yea Heauen it selfe: Heauen, the seat of God, the Throne of the blessed, the Kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in Hell for euer. Hell, O Hell for euer. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for euer?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abiur'd? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphem'd? O my God, I would weepe, but the deuill drawes in my teares. Gush forth blood in stead of teares, yea life and soule: O he staies my tongue: I would lift vp my hands, but see they hold'em, they hold'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilis, O Gentlemen,

I gaue them my ſoule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Fauſt. God forbad it indeed, but Fauſtus hath done it: for the vaine pleaſure of foure and twenty yeares, hath Fauſtus loſt eternall ioy and felicity. I wrot them a Will with mine owne bloud, the date is expired: this is the time, and hee will fetch me.

1 Why did not Fauſtus tell vs of this before, that Diuines might haue praid for thee?

Fauſt. Oft haue I thought to haue done ſo: but the Deuill threatned to teare me in peeces if I nam'd God: to fetch mee body and ſoule if I once gaue eare to Diuinity: and now it is too late, Gentlemen away, leſt you periſh with me.

2 O what may we doe to ſaue Fauſtus?

Fauſt. Talke not of me, but ſaue your ſelues and depart.

3 God will ſtrengthen me, I will ſtay with Fauſtus.

1 Tempt not God ſweet friend, but let vs into the next roome and pray for him.

Fauſt. I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noiſe ſoeuer you heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can reſcue me.

2 Pray thou and we will pray, that God may haue mercy vpon thee,

Fauſt. Gentlemen farewell: if I liue till morning, Ile viſit you; if not Fauſtus is gone to hell.

All. Fauſtus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers

Meph. I Fauſtus, now thou hall no hope of heauen,
Therefor deſpaire, think onely vpon hell.
For that muſt be thy manſion there to dwell.

Fauſt. O thou bewitching Fiend! 'twas thy temptation,
Hath rob'd me of eternall happineſſe.

Meph. I doe confeſſe it Fauſtus, and reioyce,
'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heauen,
Damn'd vp thy paſſage, when thou took'ſt the booke,
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues,
And led thine eie.
What weep'ſt thou? tis too late: deſpaire. Farewell.

Fooles

Fooles that will laugh on earth, must weepe in Hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angell, and the Bad, at
seuerall dores.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me,
Innumberable ioyes had followed thee.
But thou didst loue the world.
Bad. Gaue eare to me,
And now must taste hell paines perpetually.
Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Auaile thee now?
Bad. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.
Musicke while the Throne descends.
Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happinesse,
Pleasures vnspeakable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet Diuinity,
Hell or the Deuill had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendant glory thou hadst sit
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer Hell: that hast thou lost,
And now (poore soule) must thy good Angell leaue thee.
The iawes of Hell is ready to receiue thee. Exit.

Hell is discouered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetuall torture house:
There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning Forkes, their bodies boyle in lead.
There are lime quarters broiling on the Coles
That neere can die: this euer burning chaire,
Is for ore'e tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, that lou'd only delicates:
And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

Ten thouſand tortures that more horrid be.
Fauſt. O, I haue ſeene enough to torture me.
Bad. Nay thou muſt feele them, taſt the ſmart of all,
He that loues pleaſure, muſt for pleaſure fall:
And ſo I leaue thee Fauſtus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confuſion. Exit.

The clocke ſtrikes eleuen.

Fauſt. O Fauſtus,
Now haſt thou but one bare houre to liue,
And then thou muſt be damn'd perpetually.
Stand ſtill you euer-moouing Spheares of Heauen,
That time may ceaſe, and midnight neuer come,
Faire Natures eye, riſe, riſe againe and make
Perpetuall day: or let this houre be but a yeare,
A moneth, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Fauſtus may repent and ſaue his ſoule.
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi.
The ſtars moue ſtill, time runnes, the clocke will ſtrike,
The deuill will come, and Fauſtus muſt be damn'd.
O Ile leape vp to Heauen, who puls me downe?
See where Chriſts blood ſtreames in the firmament,
One drop of blood will ſaue me: Oh my Chriſt,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Chriſt,
Yet will I call on him: O ſpare me Lucifer.
Where is it now? tis gone.
And ſee a threatning arme, and angry brow.
Mountaines and hils, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauy wrath of Heauen.
No; then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth: Oh no, it will not harbour me.
You Starres that reign'd at my nativity,
Whoſe influence haue allotted death and hell,
Now draw vp Fauſtus like a foggie miſt
Into the entrals of your labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the Ayre,
My limbs may iſſue from your ſmoakie mouths,
But let my ſoule mount, and aſcend to heauen.

The Watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past, 'twill all be past anon,
O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,
Impose some end to my incessant paine:
Let Faustus liue in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be sau'd:
No end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or why is this immortall that thou hast?
Oh Pythagoras Metempsycosis, were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their soules are soone dissolu'd in Elements:
But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriu'd thee of the ioyes of heauen.

The clocke strikes twelue.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
Or Lucifer will beare thee quicke to hell.
O soule be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the Ocean nere be found.

Thunder, and enter the Deuils.

O mercy Heauen, looke not so fierce on me,
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while:
Ugly Hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
Ile burne my bookes: Oh Mephostophilis.

Enter Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs goe visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night was neuer seene,
Since first the worlds creation did begin.
Such fearfull shrikes and cries were neuer heard:
Pray heauen the Doctor haue escapt the danger.
2 O helpe vs Heauens, see here are Faustus limbs,
All torne asunder by the hands of death.

3 The Deuill whom Faustus seru'd, hath torne him thus:
For twirt the houres of twelue and one, me thought
I heard him shrieke and call aloud for helpe:
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire,
with dreadfull horror of these damned Fiends.

2 Well Gentlemen, though Faustus end be such,
As euery Christian heart laments to think on:
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane Schooles,
Wee'le giue his mangled limbs due buriall:
And all the Students cloth'd in mourning blacke,
Shall wait vpon his heauy funerall. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Lawrell bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at vnlawfull things:
Whose deepnesse doth intice such forward wits,
To practise more than heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.